

The New Social Dances

By Mlle. Anna Pavlova

They Who Hesitate Are Not Lost—In the Modern Waltzes

(This is one of a series of articles especially written for The El Paso Herald by Mlle. Anna Pavlova, the greatest living premiere danseuse, who has posed with her dancing partner, Lawrence Novikoff, for each figure. The dances to be explained and illustrated are those now in vogue in society ballrooms.)

MENTIONED, at the conclusion of the article immediately preceding that two courses are open to the dancers when they start out in the waltz, and directly after the first step, which the lady takes forward with her right foot and the man backward with his left.

The modern waltz being a hesitation affair, repetitive with pauses and poses, the dancers may now either continue the first three steps in regulation time, as formerly done, or use the second and third counts—which come on the weak accents of the music in three-four time—for standing quietly on one foot while the other is deliberately brought up close to the other.

So many dancers follow this latter course that it will be well to show a photograph now, for there is a slight opening of the position which may be made more effective by a slight lowering of the arms, as is evident in the illustration. Personally, I often change my weight from the right to the left leg, taking time to make the necessary change before recommending the steps.

There is no objection, however, if the partners so wish, to begin the waltz—which is now played by musicians at a decidedly faster tempo than formerly—with a series of straight one-two-three waltz steps, swinging to the right and making several revolutions before introducing any of the hesitation element.

Selection of what course to pursue is optional with the dancer. Professor



The Hesitation Step May Come on the Second or Third Beat.

The Waltz: Lesson 2

The "Hesitation"

The Pause Is To the Hesitation What the Pose Is To the Tango

William Pitt Rivers, who I believe originated the one-step, says that a finished ballroom dancer will invariably vary his beginning methods to suit the conditions, for if there be a crowd close at hand it would be inconceivable, if not positively unsafe, to rush about with the awkwardness which is now demanded in completing the one-two-three step in the brief space of time allowed.

As may be gathered the hesitation step, or pause, is really useful aside from its usual appeal for getting out of awkward positions on a dance floor. But, apart from this, it is to the hesitation waltz what the pose is to the Tango. In the waltz, the dancer will consider the first open position in the waltz—Copyright, 1912, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

It was a quarter of six when Warren came, and Helen rushed to him with the letter and her excited, happy explanations.

"Now you just fire that back and say nothing! We can't be quarrelsome to everybody who wants to throw away their money!" she announced.

"But, dear, I must tell her," persisted Helen. "Why it wouldn't be fair to let her buy it without telling her."

"Why wouldn't it? Didn't ask you for any valuation, did she? She won't thank you for it, either. She made up her mind she wants this geegaw—and Stevens is willing to get it for her. So it's not up to you to interfere. You're blamed lucky to get out of it—now stay out! Understand?"

ANOTHER CARUS HAT.

THIS is an extremely stunning model designed for Emma Carus, star of "A Broadway Honey-moon," at Joe Howard's theater, Chicago, and it can be worn either in the evening or the morning. It was made by Mme. Louison Paris.

The model is a pressed black velvet one, turned up on the left side, with



white tulle and a touch of mink for covering where the veil is sewed, and a soft, fluffy band of hair. Carus must be taken to wear this hat exactly as shown in the picture, in order to bring out its very best effects.

Valley turkey, dressed or alive. Opitz Market, phone 136.—Advertisement.

Phone Longwell for taxicabs, limousine or auto. Best cars, careful drivers. Phone 1.—Advertisement.

Follow the crowds to the Auditorium Rink Wednesday night, as there will be something doing every minute.—Advertisement.

TRAIN HITS AUTO:

FIVE MEN KILLED

Houston, Tex., Nov. 24.—Four United States soldiers and a civilian chauffeur were killed and another was seriously injured Sunday when the automobile in which they were riding was struck and demolished at Texas Junction by a Galveston, Harrisburg and Henderson passenger train. The automobile attempted to cross the track ahead of the train.

The injured men were John M. Livingston, battery D, fourth field artillery; private J. M. Parkinson, same command; private Frederick D. Proctor, 11th infantry; private A. Freudenthal, company M, 11th infantry; Wyley Sloan, chauffeur, Texas City.

Henry L. Smith, of company I, 26th infantry, although badly hurt, probably will recover. All the soldiers were stationed at Texas City.

AUTO TRUCK SOMERSAULT: BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Nov. 24.—H. M. Schmidt, business man of this city, was instantly killed in an automobile accident near here. In making a turn in the road the car somersaulted. Schmidt's head was crushed to a pulp, his wife was picked up unconscious and may die. Mrs. Spotts, another passenger, received slight bruises.

Special Mexican and Spanish Dishes Served at the Sheldon Cafe. 50c Business Men's Luncheon, 50c, served from 11 a. m. to 2 p. m. Delicious French Pastry, 10c an order. (Advertisement.)

The Zeiger dining room is now open until 12 o'clock each night for theater parties, etc. Entrance through the lobby.—Advertisement.

Call at Hopkins Poultry Ranch, Yaleta, for White Leghorn yard eggs; 55 cents dozen.—Advertisement.

Don't fail to attend the National Skate at the Auditorium Rink Wednesday night—something new. It will be funny and worth the money. Admission 10c.—Advertisement.

Held Bros., coal, wood and feed. Phone 36.—Advertisement.

Purity fruit cakes on sale at all grocers.—Advertisement.

Valley turkey, dressed or alive. Opitz Market, phone 136.—Advertisement.

The Zeiger dining room is now open until 12 o'clock each night for theater parties, etc. Entrance through the lobby.—Advertisement.

The Two Sisters

By Virginia Terhune Van De Water.

CHAPTER XIII.

FOR a second after she had told Kelley Delaine that her sister was a writer Caryl's heart failed her. She knew what the author's next question would be and she saw him hesitate before uttering the frightened desire seized her to confess the truth and tell him that Julia was a shop-girl. Yet by the time that Delaine had voiced his query her quick mind had prepared another falsehood.

"Does your sister write under her own name?" asked her new employer. "No," Caryl responded glibly. "Most of her work is unsigned. She writes articles and things like that you know."

"Oh," said Delaine, "I see. By the way," he added with a kind smile, "I haven't asked for your own name yet. Jennings gave it to me over the phone but I didn't catch it."

"It's Marvin," Caryl told him, "Caryl Marvin."

"Caryl Marvin," he repeated. "And your sister?"

"Her name is Julia," the girl said briefly.

"Julia," he mused. "I'll recollect that. Julia Marvin—it's a nice name," he murmured as if to himself.

Caryl turned toward the window by which the typewriter stood. "Whenever you are ready, Mr. Delaine," she said somewhat stiffly, "I am ready to begin."

The man started slightly. "Excuse me for keeping you waiting?" he exclaimed. "I was thinking of something else. But well get down to brass tacks at once. Mr. Jennings has told you of the arrangement?"

"Yes," the girl replied.

"Really?" Delaine explained, "this interview this morning was more for the purpose of getting acquainted than for actual work, although I have some stuff I would like you to copy before you go. Do you think you will be able to do the work?"

"Yes, indeed," Caryl assured him. "Then it's settled," declared Delaine. "Now, if you will take these papers and make a double copy of each of them that will be all for today. You will find paper, etc., in the drawer of the machine table."

With a nod he went into the next room while Caryl sat down at the typewriter and began to copy the notes he had given her. She was excited and nervous, and was obliged to stop again and again to erase many blunders made by her uncertain fingers.

She was well on toward the end of her task when she heard the doorbell ring. No one answered, and when it sounded a second time, there was an impatient movement behind the portieres dividing the study from the room to which Delaine had retired, and his voice called loudly, "Wang!"

A door at the opposite end of the study opened and a solemn, moon-faced Chinaman, riding noiselessly across the floor and disappearing into the hallway, and a moment later Caryl heard the front door open and a jovial voice raised in greeting.

"Hello Wang!" he proclaimed. "How's the old pirate this morning?" Boss! All right, I'm coming in to see him."

A tall figure in riding clothes appeared in the doorway, and Caryl overcame with sudden embarrassment, turning to the machine and pretending to be absorbed in her work.

"I beg pardon," a voice close to her said. "I understood Wang to say that Mr. Delaine was in."

The girl glanced up. A tall man stood beside her. He was lean and dark and had a scowl on his face. He tapped one putted leg with his riding crop as he spoke, and Caryl caught the glint of a large ruby ring upon one of his white fingers. Before the girl could reply Delaine himself entered, hat and stick in hand.

"Hello, Dick," he exclaimed heartily. "You're a sight for sore eyes. When did you blow into town?"

"I came yesterday," the stranger answered. "I've just been riding around the park and I stopped in to see you a moment. I understand Wang to say that Mr. Delaine was in."

He grasped Delaine by the arm and murmured something too low for Caryl's ear to catch.

"I'll do nothing of the kind," Delaine asserted positively. "Come, I'm going out and I'll be back tonight."

"Oh, I say," protested the other, "give me a chance, won't you? If you don't, I'll threaten, laughing recklessly, 'there's nothing for me to do but take a chance myself.'"

For a mere second he hesitated, then turned to Caryl, who was still at work upon the typewriter, making even more blunders than before.

"Mr. Delaine puts upon me the burden of introduction," the stranger said to her. "For an ordinarily generous man he can be very stingy at times. My name is Somersdyke—Harry Somersdyke. Please be kind and accept this as an introduction."

As he spoke he smiled with no trace of any of the confidence and cordiality which he had shown to Delaine, and mimicked the white flash of his perfect teeth. She flushed, but lifted her blue eyes to him.

"I'm Caryl Marvin," she returned shyly, "and I'm very glad that you spoke to me, Mr. Somersdyke."

Delaine frowned at the sound. "Come, Harry," he said impatiently. "I can't wait any longer."

The two men went toward the hall together. At the door Somersdyke turned and looked back over his shoulder.

"And I'm very glad you spoke to me, Miss Marvin," he averred and laughed again.

(To be continued.)

(This is one of the regular features of The El Paso Herald.)

Mrs. Belmont Plans Rousing Sendoff For Mrs. Pankhurst



New York, Nov. 24.—Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the wealthy New York society leader and suffrage advocate, is one of the most prominent patronesses of the far-west appearance of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the English militant leader, which will be held at Carnegie hall, in New York, tonight. Mrs. Belmont has urged all working girls to attend the meeting.

EL PASO FIREMEN SAVE JUAREZ CUSTOM HOUSE BY A VERY QUICK RESPONSE

EL PASO firemen responded to a call to run on Saturday night when merchandise in the Mexican customs house caught fire. Chief W. W. Armstrong, with equipment from the Central department, went to the aid of the Mexicans and extinguished the blaze before serious damage was done.

Juarez was wholly unabled to fight fire when the blaze was discovered, practically every able-bodied man in the town being on military duty. An alarm was telephoned to El Paso and chief Armstrong quickly responded, going over shortly before 7 o'clock. The origin of the fire is a mystery to the rebel customs men.

ORDERS BODY SENT TO HER: FINDS IT IS THE WRONG MAN. Avesa, N. J., Nov. 24.—After having shipped to Mexico, Mich., the body of a man, believed to be James Green, her fiancé, who disappeared several weeks ago on the eve of their wedding, Miss Ella Ryders has learned that an error had been made in identification. The mistake was discovered upon arrival of the body here. Green has not been heard from since he left here for Rochester to buy his wedding outfit.

CHIEF OF POLICE ARRESTED ON CHARGE OF ROBBERY. St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 24.—Jack Moran, chief of police of Duno, Ill., has been arrested on a warrant charging him with robbery and was locked up in his own jail. So many of his friends visited him that the chief, with tears in his eyes, begged to be removed to some other jail. He was taken to Belleville, Ill.

You will never know what good order is in our rink unless you attend. We give fathers and mothers a special invitation to come and see for themselves the classy Auditorium Rink, corner of Kansas and Mills.—Advertisement.

Wright cleans clothes cleanest in El

EL PASO THEATRE
TWO NIGHTS—NOV. 27 and 28.
MATINEE NOV. 27.
THE GIRL FROM MUMM'S
WITH
Miss Olive Vail
A Parlor Musical Comedy.
A Perfect Cast and Chorus.
Rebelling and Overworking With Sparkling Comedy and Tunes.
Full Melodious.
PRICES \$2.00 TO \$10.00 NIGHTS.
Matinee Thursday—\$1.50 to 75c.

Married Life's Troubles

Warren Comes Out Strongly Against Any Business Dealings with Friends.

BY MABEL HERBERT UMER

"Dear Mrs. Stevens: Have just called you up, but the maid says you will not be in until evening. We have decided to keep the lavalliere. Warren will send you a check for the \$150 today, or tomorrow. It is not a very large sum, but to give up this opportunity. Will you see you soon. Hurriedly.
Helen L. Curtis."

WAS the note too short? Had she said enough? And would the tremulous writing betray her? Helen was determined that Mrs. Stevens should not know she had lost the pearl, and that she was paying for the pendant only because they could not return it.

After a sleepless night she had been up at dawn searching the apartment for the pearl. She had eaten no breakfast, and even Warren had rarely sipped his coffee in the morning, forbidding silence.

He had told her to phone or write Mrs. Stevens that he would send the check.

"No use putting it off," grumbled, "since we've got to take our medicine. We'll take it now. But the next time we've any business dealings with friends."

"Warren, we must be fair enough to admit it wasn't Mrs. Stevens' fault," Helen faltered. "She was only giving us an opportunity to buy it at the price it had been offered to her. Surely, she's not to blame."

To this Warren had not deigned an answer.

In spite of herself, Helen was conscious of a feeling of resentment toward Mrs. Stevens and of a certain animosity toward Mrs. Barclay—the woman who had sought to raise money by selling her jewelry.

There seemed a wretched fatality to the whole chain of events. If only they had not dined at the Stevenses last evening, if only Mrs. Barclay had not left the jewel there that afternoon! Oh, her head whirled with this constant thinking!

Reluctantly she recalled the letter. As she saw the white envelope flutter down the glass chute in the hall, Helen knew it must cost \$150. But the next time the platinum setting, with its tiny diamond, was worth very little compared to the pearl.

Warren had strongly doubted the genuineness of the pearl, that was why they were to have it valued today. Now he said they were paying \$150 for a fake pearl!

All morning Helen had been haunted with the thought of De Maupassant's "The Necklace." In this story the woman had lost her friend's pearl necklace, and for 30 years both she and her husband slaved and starved to save the money to pay for it. And only to find in the end that the pearls were not real, but merely a cheap composition! The best of their lives had been wasted by this hideous mistake.

Nora finds the Pearl. She was sitting on the floor by the bookcase when Nora came in, her face aglow.

"Will you come here a minute, miss? I've something to show you."

Wonderingly Helen followed her to the kitchen. Nora had just emptied the carpet sweeper, the machine dust and lint lay on a newspaper on the table.

"Is that what you're looking for, miss?" pointing almost fearfully to something embedded in the dust.

It was the pearl! Helen caught it up with a hysterical sob of relief. The next moment she flew in to the phone to call up Warren.

"Oh, we've found it!—we found it! Nora found it in the carpet sweeper. Now we can return it. I don't want to keep it! I've always heard pearls were tears—and now I believe it."

"Have you phoned Mrs. Stevens?" demanded Warren.

"She wasn't in—but I've written her."

Married Life's Troubles

Warren Comes Out Strongly Against Any Business Dealings with Friends.

BY MABEL HERBERT UMER

"Dear Mrs. Stevens: Have just called you up, but the maid says you will not be in until evening. We have decided to keep the lavalliere. Warren will send you a check for the \$150 today, or tomorrow. It is not a very large sum, but to give up this opportunity. Will you see you soon. Hurriedly.
Helen L. Curtis."

WAS the note too short? Had she said enough? And would the tremulous writing betray her? Helen was determined that Mrs. Stevens should not know she had lost the pearl, and that she was paying for the pendant only because they could not return it.

After a sleepless night she had been up at dawn searching the apartment for the pearl. She had eaten no breakfast, and even Warren had rarely sipped his coffee in the morning, forbidding silence.

He had told her to phone or write Mrs. Stevens that he would send the check.

"No use putting it off," grumbled, "since we've got to take our medicine. We'll take it now. But the next time we've any business dealings with friends."

"Warren, we must be fair enough to admit it wasn't Mrs. Stevens' fault," Helen faltered. "She was only giving us an opportunity to buy it at the price it had been offered to her. Surely, she's not to blame."

To this Warren had not deigned an answer.

In spite of herself, Helen was conscious of a feeling of resentment toward Mrs. Stevens and of a certain animosity toward Mrs. Barclay—the woman who had sought to raise money by selling her jewelry.

There seemed a wretched fatality to the whole chain of events. If only they had not dined at the Stevenses last evening, if only Mrs. Barclay had not left the jewel there that afternoon! Oh, her head whirled with this constant thinking!

Reluctantly she recalled the letter. As she saw the white envelope flutter down the glass chute in the hall, Helen knew it must cost \$150. But the next time the platinum setting, with its tiny diamond, was worth very little compared to the pearl.

Warren had strongly doubted the genuineness of the pearl, that was why they were to have it valued today. Now he said they were paying \$150 for a fake pearl!

All morning Helen had been haunted with the thought of De Maupassant's "The Necklace." In this story the woman had lost her friend's pearl necklace, and for 30 years both she and her husband slaved and starved to save the money to pay for it. And only to find in the end that the pearls were not real, but merely a cheap composition! The best of their lives had been wasted by this hideous mistake.

Nora finds the Pearl. She was sitting on the floor by the bookcase when Nora came in, her face aglow.

"Will you come here a minute, miss? I've something to show you."

Wonderingly Helen followed her to the kitchen. Nora had just emptied the carpet sweeper, the machine dust and lint lay on a newspaper on the table.

"Is that what you're looking for, miss?" pointing almost fearfully to something embedded in the dust.

It was the pearl! Helen caught it up with a hysterical sob of relief. The next moment she flew in to the phone to call up Warren.

"Oh, we've found it!—we found it! Nora found it in the carpet sweeper. Now we can return it. I don't want to keep it! I've always heard pearls were tears—and now I believe it."

"Have you phoned Mrs. Stevens?" demanded Warren.

"She wasn't in—but I've written her."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox SAYS:

Success, Its Tools, Purpose, Aspiration and Courage, Are Within Ourselves—Shakespeare Wrote His Dramas with but 5000 Words at His Command.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

MANY people lay their failure to make a name in the world to the lack of proper materials with which to work out their special lines of endeavor. Tools are necessary to the good artisan and artist; but genius makes its own tools as well as its own opportunities.

Shakespeare made his immortal dramas and poems with only 5000 words at his command.

"Bullock's Complete English Dictionary," in 1615, the year of Shakespeare's death, contained 5,000 words. Thomas Blount's "Glossographia" (1656) improved on this and was superseded by the "Oxford English Dictionary" (1858), a small folio containing 15,000 words; and by the time it reached its sixth edition (1905) the number had grown to 29,959 odd.

Johnson's Dictionary, published on April 15, 1755, though it improved all predecessors off the face of the earth by the perfection of its system and the soundness and breadth of its readings, contained only 40,000 words, and it remained master of the field, even at this modest total, until Noah Webster's "Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory English Dictionary," in 1829, with 160,000 and 165,000 words, respectively.

There have been half a dozen editions of a modern dictionary, and a new one will reach high water mark with a

total of 450,000 words, most of which are English beyond question.

No One Contests the Honors of Shakespeare.

Yet, despite this fact, no Shakespeare has arisen to contest the honors of the man who had only 5000 word tools for his use.

Shakespeare did not travel, or speak many tongues.

Perhaps his power lay in staying with himself, in digging in his own mind and soul for knowledge and wisdom, and usual words wherewith to convey his meanings.

It would be interesting to know just what he would have done with his vast vocabulary of words if he had been given one of the new dictionaries.

But it is more interesting to realize what he did without these words.

It is worth thinking about, whenever we are tempted to complain, that we lack the necessities for making a success in any one direction.

Purpose, Courage and Aspiration Win Success.

The mind that is bent on a purpose and the soul that is aflame with aspiration, and the heart that is strong with courage, must attain success. Nothing can prevent it.

The man who is possessed of these three things will fashion his tools, and build his way through rocks, and build bridges over rivers, and cut stairs in frowning mountains, and climb over them to the goal beyond. All elements of success lie in ourselves.—Copyright, 1915, by Star company.

Announcement

We absolutely guarantee our "WHITE ASH" coal to be better than any other coal sold in El Paso, to make no clinkers, to burn to ashes and to be best for furnace, range or grate. If you do not find this to be true after trial we will cheerfully refund your money and charge nothing for the coal tested.

We Are Sole Agents
Accept No Substitutes

HINES LUMBER AND COAL CO.

Yards—Texas and Dallas Sts. Phone 5800.